The MARSHAL

by

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

AUTHOR of THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREASURE, ETC

ILLUSTRATIONS by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis asks Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years, in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The general, Alixe and Pietro plans Francois' escape. Francois receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. Alixe awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy." Francois, as a guest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to America to manage Pietro's estate in Virginia. Lucy Hampton falls in love with Francois.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

The female mind paid no attention to the disgression. Lucy had long ago, finally if unconsciously, put her father's personality into its right place.

"Father, is the prince really poor and alone in this country?"

"Poor—yes, I fancy—I am quite certain, in fact. Alone—that depends. The authorities of Norfolk received him with some distinction, the Herald states, but he is putting up at the inn—one would conclude that he was an invited guest at many of our great houses."

Lucy flew like a bird across to the fireplace. Her hands went up to either side of the colonel's face. "Father, quick! Have Thunder saddled, and ride in—quick, father—and bring the prince out here to stay with us. Give the order to Sambo, or I shall."

Colonel Hampton's eyes widened with surprise. "Why, but Lucy," he stammered. "Why—but why should I? What claim have we—"

"Oh, nonsense," and Lucy shook her head impatiently. "Who has more claim? Aren't we Virginians of the James river princes in our own country, too? Hasn't our family reigned in Roanoke longer than ever his reigned in Europe? Haven't we enough house room and servants to make him as comfortable as in a palace? But that isn't the most important. It is a shame to us all, father, that no one has invited him before, that a strange gentleman of high station should have to lodge at an inn. Why hasn't Cousin George Harrison asked him to Brandon? And the Carters at Shirley, and the people at Berkeley—what do they mean by not asking him? But we won't let Virginian hospitality be stained. We will ask him. You will ride to Norfolk at once, will you not, father dear?"

The touch on his cheek was pleasant to the vain and affectionate man, but the spirit of the girl's speech, the suggestion of the courtesy due from him as a reigning prince, to this other prince forlorn and exiled, this was pleasanter. He pursued his lips and smiled down.

"Out of the mouth of babes," he remarked, and drew his brows together as if under stress of large machinery behind them. "My little girl, you have rather a sensible idea. I had overlooked before, that"—he cleared his throat and black Aaron standing tray in hand across the room, jumped and rolled his eyes—"that," he continued, "a man of my importance has duties of hospitality, even to a foreigner who comes without introduction into the country."

"Aaron, tell Sambo to saddle Thunder," he ordered.

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Prince Louis, in his dingy parlor at the inn, looked at his visitor from between half-shut eyelids, and measured him, soul and body. He considered the invitation for a silent moment. This was one of the great men of the country. The prince had already heard his name and the name of his historic home. It was well to have influential friends, more particularly as no letter awaited him as he had hoped from his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, with the American introductions for which he had asked. A visit of a few days at this place of Roanoke could do no harm and might lead to good.

"I thank you very much, Monsieur le Colonel," he said gravely, yet graciously. "You are most good to desire that I visit you. I will do so with pleasure."

Out they rode through the sunlighted, wind-wrapped country, dozing restfully through its last winter's nap, stirring already at the step of lively April on the threshold. The air was sharp, and nipped at the prince's fingers and toes, but it was exhilaration to be across a horse again, and the exile's spirit—the case-hardened heart of steel which failure and misfortune never broke till it broke forever at Sedan—grew buoyant. That "something about the outside of a horse which is good for the inside of a man" worked its subtle charm on this finished horseman and horse lover, and he was gently responsive as the colonel talked fluently on.

"Does it so happen, Monsieur le Colonel, that there is in these parts a Frenchman of—of instruction—a man whom I might use as a secretary? I shall have need tomorrow to write letters. Would you know of such a man, Monsieur le Colonel?"

Nothing pleased Monsieur le Colonel more than to be master of the situation. "Most certainly,' he answered blandly and felt that the prince must notice how no demand could find Colonel Hampton at a loss. "Most certainly. My daughter's French master would be the very fellow. He is intelligent and well educated, and what is more, he is a most ardent adherent of your family, prince. He has talked to Miss Hampton with such a vehement enthusiasm that, by the Lord Harry, I believe she expects to see you fly in with wings, sir—I believe she does," and the colonel laughed loudly and heartily. It was as good a joke as he had ever made.

And before them, at that moment, rose a stately picture. A large old house, built of dark red brick brought from England, towered suddenly from out of the bare trees of its park like a monument of calm hospitality. Its steep roof was set with dormer windows; its copings and its casements were white stone; a white stone terrace stretched before it. At one front, as they came, was the carriage entrance, and the squares of a formal English garden, walled with box hedges, lay sleeping before the springtime; at the opposite side a wide lawn fell to a massive brick wall, spaced with stone pillars, guarding the grounds from the flowing of the James river. Colonel Hampton gazed at the home of his people and then at his guest, and he cast the harness of his smallnesses and stood out in the simple and large cordiality which is the heritage above others of southern people.

"Your are welcome to Roanoke, prince," he said.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Brothers.

Colonel Hampton's study was dark from floor to ceiling with brown oak wainscoting and was lightened by a dull brightness of portraits. An ancestor in a scarlet coat, the red turned yellow and brown with time; an ancestress in dimmed glory of blue satin and lace and pearls; a judge in his wig and gown, gave the small room importance. A broad window looked through bare branches, lacy-black against sky, across a rolling country and groups of woodland.

On the morning of the first day of April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte stood at this window, star-

He Considered the Invitation for a Silent Moment.

ing at brown fields and trying to trace a likeness between this new world and the ancient country which he called his; France, where, since he was seven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks; France, which had freshly exiled him; France, the thought of which ruled him, as he meant one day to rule her; France, for whom he was eating his heart out today, as always, thousands of miles from her shores.

He recalled the happy life at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and the work and play and soldierly training which all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one end—to serve France—a service which did not at that time mean sovereignty, for the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was alive and the head of the house of Bonaparte. He thought of his short career, his and his well-beloved brother's together, with the Italian insurgents against the Austrians, and the lonely man's heart longed for his own people as he went over again that time of excitement and sorrow, ending with the older boy's death at Forli and his own illness and narrow escape from capture.

"What a mother!" he cried aloud, tossing up his hands with French demonstrativeness, as the memory came to him of the days in Ancona when he lay at death's door, hidden in the very room next that of the Austrian general, saved only at last by the marvelous mother's wit and courage. The journey through Italy to France, that was drama enough for one life. Recognized at every turn, betrayed never, and ending with—Prince Louis smiled his slow dim smile—a fitting ending indeed to days whose every minute was adventure. He thought of the landlord of the inn, the old cavalryman; the young Frenchman—Beaupre—that was the name; it was set in his memory; had been in that tenacious memory since an afternoon of 1824, when a runaway schoolboy prince had slipped over the Jura, and played with three other children, about a ruined castle; he saw Francois Beaupre take reverently in his hand the sword which Napoleon had held—and then the alarm! That was a fine sight—the dash of the youngster through the startled mob of Austrians; the flying leap to the horse; the skirmish to get free, and, at last, the rush of the chase. He had seen it all, watching quietly while his mother and the landlord implored him to hide himself. That young Frenchman—if he should be alive—if ever he should meet him again Prince Louis would not forget. It was psychological that he should have been thinking this when a knock sounded deferentially on the door of the room. But picturesque coincidences happen in lives as well as on the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there was more than one. "Entrez!" he called sharply, and then, "Come in!"

The door swung slowly and Aaron, white-aproned and white-eyeballed, stood in it.

"Marse Prince," he stated with a dignity of service which crowned heads could not daunt, "ole Marse sen' me bring you dis hyer Marse Bopray."

A light figure stepped before the black and white of Aaron, and halted, and bowed profoundly. The light from the window shone on his face and the dark immense eyes that lifted toward Prince Louis, and for a moment he stared, puzzled. Was he in the present? Surely this man was part of the past which he had been reviewing. Surely he had played a role in the prince's history—where? With a flashing thought into the years he knew.

"Mon ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, and sprang forward and stretched out both hands, his royalty forgotten in the delight of seeing a face which recalled his youth and his mother.

Francois, two minutes later, found himself standing, bursting with loyalty and pride, with the prince's hands clasping his, and the prince's transformed face beaming on him.

"You rode like the devil," said the prince. "But the Austrians had the horses. That poor Bleu-bleu! How did you get away? Where have you been? Mon Dieu, but we looked for you, Zappi and I!"

"But no, your highness, I did not get away," smiled Francois Beaupre as if imparting a joyful bit of news. "They caught me."

And he told briefly his story of the five years in prison, of the desperate escape, of the rescue and voyage to America, of his wrecked health, not yet re-established. Through the account shone the unconquerable French gaiety. Another thing there was which a Frenchman and a Bonaparte could not fail to see—that the thought of his service to the house of Bonaparte had been a sustaining pride, and the hope of future service an inspiring hope.

Superstition and gratitude laid hold together on the prince's troubled mind. He threw himself back into Colonel Hampton's leather arm-chair, throne-like in impressiveness and size; the mask of impassivity closed on his colorless features.

"Sit there, Monsieur," he ordered, "and tell me your life."

Simply, yet dramatically as was his gift, the young man went over the tale which he had told to Lucy Hampton, that and more. And the prince listened to every word. He, too, had the French sensitiveness to theatrical effect, and his over-wrought imagination seemed to see the hand of destiny visibly joining this story to his. Here was a legacy from Napoleon; an instrument created by his uncle, which he, the heir, should use. There was a long silence when Francois had finished, and Louis' deep-pitched voice broke it.

"'One day perhaps a marshal of France under another Bonaparte,'" he repeated thoughtfully. "It was the accolade, the old right of royality," and gazed, if reflecting, at the other man's face.

Heightened color told how much it meant to Francois Beaupre to hear those words spoken by the prince.

"My prince, I will tell you—though it may be of little moment to know—that it is not for my own advancement that I care. It is the truth that I would throw away a hundred lives if I had them, to see the house of Bonaparte rule France. It is only so, I believe, that France can become great once more. We need heroes to lead us, we Frenchmen, not shopkeeper kings such as Louis Phillippe; if it has not a hero the nation loses courage, and its interest in national life. But the very name of Napoleon is inspiration—it pricks the blood; a monarch of that name on France's throne, and our country will wake, will live. You, my prince, are the hope of the house of Napoleon."

With a quick step forward he threw himself on his knees before the quiet figure in the throne-like chair; he seized the prince's hand and, head bent, kissed it with passion. There was a line of color in each cheek as his face lifted, and his brilliant look was shot with a tear.

"If I may die believing that I have helped to win your throne, I shall die in happiness."

Prince Louis had his mother's warm heart, and this went to it. He put his hand on the other's shoulder, familiarly as if the two were equals, kinsmen.

The brotherly touch on Francois' shoulder was withdrawn, and with gentle dignity, with a glance, the prince lifted him to his feet, and Francois stood happy, dazed, before him. He found himself telling his plans, his methods, his efforts to fit himself for the usefulness that might be on the way.

"I have studied enormously, my prince. All known books on warlike subjects, all I could borrow or steal I have studied. Ah, yes! I know much of these things."

Louis Bonaparte, with an exhaustive military education, a power of appli-

"Mon Ami," Cried Louis Bonaparte.

cation and absorption beyond most men in Europe, let the gleam of a smile escape. He listened with close attention while Francois told of his organization of the youth of the neighborhood into a cavalry company, and of their drill twice a week.

"And you are the captain, Monsieur?"

Francois smiled a crafty, worldly-wise smile—or perhaps it was as if a child would seem crafty and worldly-wise. "No, my prince," he answered, shaking his head sagely. "That would not be best. I am little known, a foreigner. They think much of their old families, the people of these parts. So that it is better for the success of the company that the captain should be of the nobility of the country. One sees that. So the captain of the company is Monsieur Henry Hampton, the younger, the kinsman of Monsieur le Colonel, and a young man of great goodness, and the best of friends to me. Everything that I can do for his pleasure is my own pleasure."

The prince turned his expressionless gaze on the animated face. "Mademoiselle Lucy likes the young monsieur?"

"But yes, my prince—she likes every one, Mademoiselle Lucy. It is sunshine, her kindness; it falls everywhere and blesses where it falls. She loves Henry—as a brother."

"As a brother!" the prince repeated consideringly. "Yes, a brother. You find Mademoiselle Lucy of—of a kind disposition."

"Beyond words, and most charming," Francois answered steadily, and flushed a little. He felt himself being probed. With that the facile, mysterious, keen mind of the prince leaped, it seemed, a world-wide chasm. "That most winning little girl of the ruined chateau of Vicques—our playmate Alixe—you remember how she stated, 'I am Alixe,' and was at once shipwrecked with embarrassment?"

"I remember," Francois said shortly, and was conscious that he breathed quickly and that his throat was dry, and that the prince knew of both troubles.

"Is she still 'Alixe'—the same Alixe?" inquired the prince, turning ostentatiously to the window. "Has she grown up as sweet and fresh and brilliant a flower as the rosebud promised?"

Francois, hearing his own heart beat, attempted to answer in a particularly casual manner, which is a difficult and sophisticated trick. He failed at it. "They say—I think—she has—oh, but yes, and—I think"—he stammered and the prince cut short his sufferings. "Ah, yes! I see that it is with you, as with Monsieur Henry, a case of devoted brotherhood. You love her as a brother—you will not boast of her.

"You have done well, Chevalier Beaupre. You have done so well that when the time is ripe again—it will not be long—for Strasburg must be wiped out in success—that I shall send for you to help me, and I shall know that you will be ready. I see that the star which leads us both is the only light which shines for you. It holds your undivided soul, Chevalier—I am right?"

Francois turned his swiftly changing face toward the speaker, drawn with a feeling which swept over him; for a moment he did not answer. Then he spoke in a low tone.

"When a knight of the old time went to battle," he said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady and carried the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so."

And the silent prince understood.

CHAPTER XXV.

How Lucy Told.

The prince was gone. There had been festivities and formalities, great dinners, gatherings of the Virginia nobility to do honor to his highness at Roanoke house and elsewhere; everywhere the Chevalier Beaupre had been distinguished by his highness' most marked favor. And Lucy Hampton's eyes had shone with quiet delight to see it and to see the effect on her father. For the colonel, confused in his mind as to how it might be true, reluctantly acknowledged that there must be something of importance about this Chevalier Beaupre, that a prince should treat him as a brother. He believed that it would be best to treat him—he also—at least as a gentleman. So the French lessons were continued and the Jefferson troop was encouraged, and Francois was asked often to Roanoke house. And as the months rolled on he tried with every thoughtful and considerate effort to express to the little lady of the manor his gratitude for the goodness of her family. It troubled him more than a little that the early friendliness and intimacy of Harry Hampton seemed to be wearing off. The boy did not come so often to Carnifax, and when he came he did not stay for hours, for days sometimes, as was his way at first. He was uneasy with his friend, and his friend wondered and did not understand, but hesitated to push a way into the lad's heart. "He will tell me in time," thought Francois, and, sure of his own innocence, waited for the time.

Meantime he was going home. Going, much against the advice of the Norfolk doctor, who warned him that he was not yet well or strong, that the out-of-door life in the mild Virginia climate should be continued perhaps for two years more, before he went back to the agitation and effort of a Bonapartist agent in France. But he could not wait; he must see his old home, his mother, his father, and all the unforgotten faces. He longed to watch the black lashes curl upward from the blue of Alixe's eyes. He longed to hear her clear voice with its boyish note of courage. It would put new life into him, that voice. It was seven years now and more since he had left them all at a day's notice to go to Pietro in Italy—to a living death of five years, to many undreamed of happenings. The fever was on him and he must go home.

There was to be a celebration for the new and very fashionable cavalry troop of which Francois was the unofficial backbone and author. In the great grassy paddock at Bayly's Folly the proud mother of eighteen-year-old Caperton Bayly—first lieutenant, and the most finished horseman in the Virginia country—had invited the gentry from miles about to feast with her and to watch her son and his friends show how the Chevalier Beaupre had made them into soldiers. They came in shoals, driving from far off over bad roads in big lurching chariots, or riding in gay companies, mostly of older men and girls and young boys, because all of the gilded youth were in the ranks that day.

When the drill was over there was to be rough riding and jumping. Hurdles were swiftly dragged out and placed in a manner of ring.

"This one is very close to the bank," said Lucy Hampton, standing by Bluebird and watching as the negroes placed the bars. "If a horse refused and turned sharp and was foolish, he might go over. And the bank is steep."

"Lucy, you are a grandmotherly person," Clifford Stewart—who was another girl—threw at her. "You would like them all to ride in wadded wool dressing gowns, and to have a wall padded with cotton batting to guard them." And Lucy smiled and believed herself overcautious.

The excited horses came dancing up to the barriers and lifted and were over, with or without rapping, but not one, for the first round, refusing. Then the bars were raised six inches; six inches in mid-air is a large space when one must jump it. Caperton Bayly went at it first; his mother watched breathless as he flew forward, sitting erect, intense, his young eyes gleaming. Over went his great horse Traveler, and over the next and the next—all of them; but the white heels had struck the top bar twice—the beautiful, spirited performance was not perfect. Harry Hampton came next; all of the kindly multitude gazed eagerly, hoping that the boy to whom life had given less than the others might win this honor he wanted. The first bars without rapping; the second; and a suppressed sound of satisfaction, which might soon be a great roar of pleasure, hummed over the field. Black Hawk came rushing, snorting, pulling up to the third jump, the jump where Lucy stood. And as he came a little girl, high in a carriage, a chariot as one said then, flourished her scarlet parasol in the air, and lost hold of it, and it flew like a huge red bird into the course, close to the hurdle. And Black Hawk, strung to the highest point of his thoroughbred nerves, saw, and a horror of the flaming living thing, as it seemed, caught him, and he swerved at the bar and bolted—bolted straight for the steep slope.

A gasp went up from the three hundred, four hundred people; the boy was dashing to death; no one stirred; every muscle was rigid—the spectators were paralyzed. Not all. Francois from his babyhood had known how to think quickly, and these boys were his pride and his care; he had thought of that possible danger which Lucy had foreseen; when the jumping began, mounted on his mare Aquarelle, he was posted near the head of the slope, not twenty yards from the hurdle, to be at hand in any contingency. When Harry's horse bolted, one touch put Aquarelle into motion. Like a line of brown light she dashed at right angles to the runaway—a line drawn to intercept the line of Black Hawk's flight. There was silence over the field—one second—two seconds—the lines shot to the angle—then it came—the shock they awaited.

Black Hawk, rushing, saw the other coming and swerved at the last moment—too late. The animals collided, not with full force, yet for a moment it looked like nothing but death for riders and mounts. Harry Hampton was thrown backward to the level field; Black Hawk galloped off, frantic and unhurt, across it; Aquarelle, one saw, lay on the very edge of the drop and was scrambling to her feet with liveliness enough to assure her safety; of Francois there was no sign. In half a minute the breathless still crowd was in an uproar, and a hundred men were jostling one another to reach the scene of the accident.

It was two minutes, perhaps, before Caperton Bayly, with a negro boy at his heels, with Jack Littleton and Harry Wise and a dozen other lads racing back of him, had plunged over the drop of land where Francois had disappeared. Two minutes are enough sometimes for a large event. In that two minutes Lucy Hampton, without conscious volition, by an instinct as simple and imperative as a bird's instinct to shield her young, had slipped from her horse Bluebird and flown across the level and down over the steep bank till she found herself holding Francois' dark head in her arms and heard her own voice saying words she had never said even to herself.

"I love you, I love you," she said, and if all the world heard she did not know or care. There was no world for her at that minute but the man lying with his head against her heart—dead it might be, but dead or alive, dearest. "I love you—love you—love you," she repeated, as if the soul were rushing out of her in the words.

With that the luminous great eyes opened, and Francois was looking at her, and she knew that he had heard. And then the training of a lifetime, of centuries, flooded back into her, and womanly reticence and maidenly shame and the feelings and attitude which are not primeval, as she had been primeval for that one mad moment. She drew back as she felt him trying to lift himself, and left him free and was on her feet, and then with a shock she was aware of another presence; turning she looked up into the angry glow of her cousin's eyes. He was not looking at her, but at the man who, dazed, hurt, was trying painfully to pull himself up. Harry Hampton glared at him.

"We will settle this later," he brought out through his teeth. "I hope I can kill you." And Lucy cried out: "Shame!" she cried. "He has just saved your life!"

"Damn him!" said Harry Hampton. "I do not want my life at his hands. I hate him more for saving me. Damn him!"

And Francois, clutching at a bush, things reeling about him unsteadily, looked up, friendly, wistful, at the boy cursing him.

With that there was an influx of population; the whole world, apparently, tumbled down the steep bank,

She Found Herself Holding Francois' Dark Head in Her Arms.

every one far too preoccupied with help for the hero to remark Harry Hampton's grim humor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bobbie Burns' Granddaughter.

An action has been entered in Dumfries sheriff court by Miss Annie Beckett Burns of Cheltenham, the only surviving granddaughter of the Scottish poet, claiming "to have herself, as the nearest of kin, declared executrix of certain hitherto unconfirmed personal estate of the said Robert Burns." This is a sequel to the recent announcement that the Liverpool Athenaeum had sold for £5,000 the two volumes of Burns' poems and better known as the Glenriddell manuscripts, and that they were likely to go to America, an announcement which brought strong protests from Lord Roseberry, Dr. William Wallace and others.—Westminster Gazette.

Old American Coins.

Robert Morris, the financier of the Confederation, early in 1783, arranged with Benjamin Dudley to strike off some "pattern pieces" that could be placed before congress. On April 2 Dudley delivered to Morris some pieces, which were in reality the first coin struck having the name "United States coin." The particular specimens are known to numismatists as the "Nova Constellatio Paterus." They were of silver and denominate the "mark" and "quint." The first coins struck by the United States mint were some half dimes, in 179[illegible].

An Economical Man.

"We can't finish Europe. It will cost entirely too much.'

"We gotta finish it. I ain't going to let this $4 guide book go to waste."